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NO 18  
NOV. - DEC.

# THE HOODED HORSEMAN

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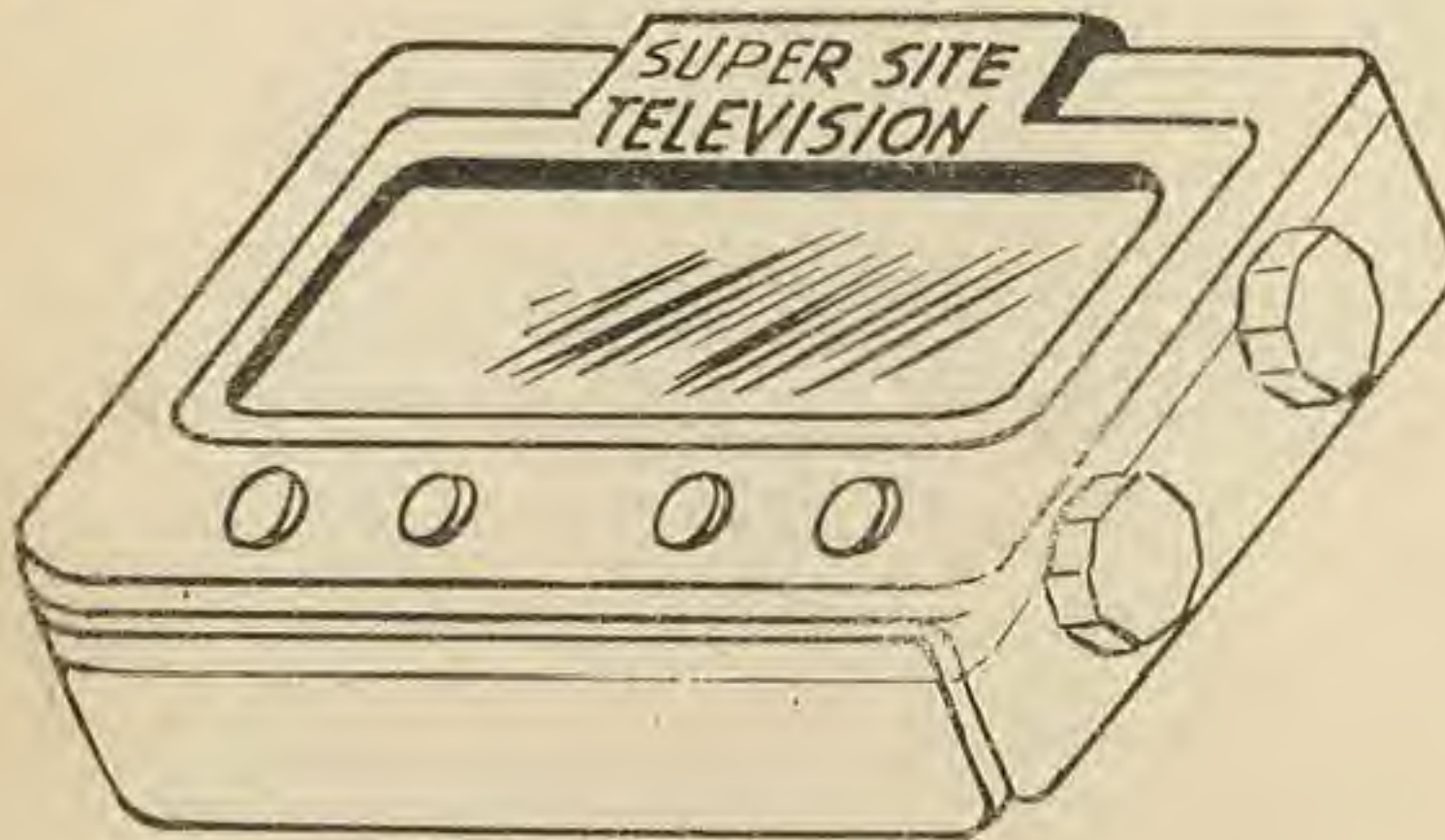
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THE OLD WEST--THE FLAMING FRONTIER--WHERE MEN LIVED WITH DANGER, AND DEATH COULD STRIKE RELENTLESSLY WITHOUT A SECOND'S NOTICE! THESE WERE THE DAYS WHEN THE HARD-PRESSED FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER WELCOMED THE AID OF A MAN OF MYSTERY WHO CAME OUT OF NOWHERE, STRUCK WITH A FIGHTING FURY BORN OF RAW AND BLAZING COURAGE--AND THEN RODE ON! NOBODY KNEW WHAT FACE LURKED BEHIND THAT MASK--NOR WHAT NAME TO GIVE HIM, OTHER THAN--

# The HOODED HORSEMAN!

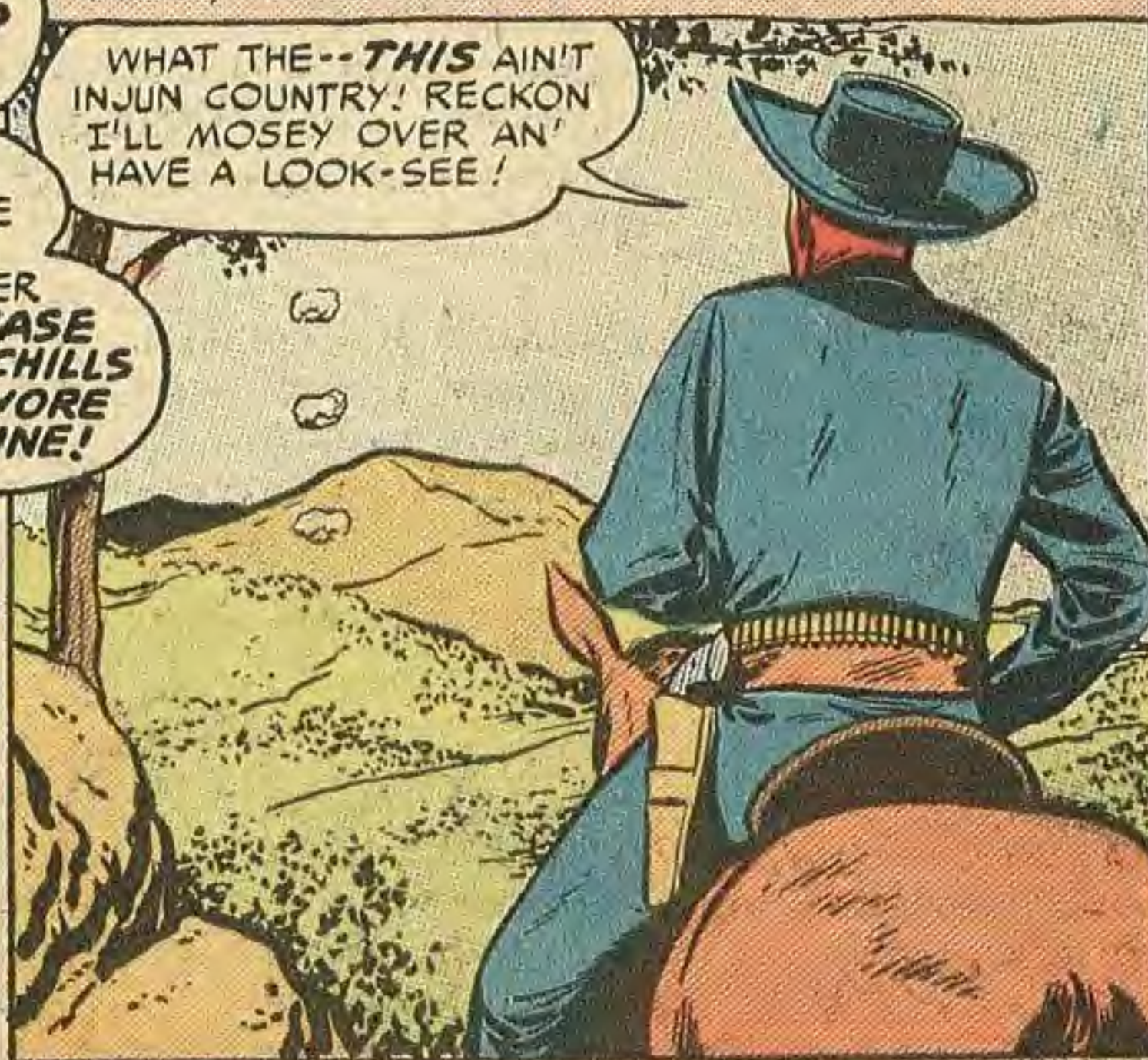
ODDEN (WHITNEY)



HOWDY, FOLKS!  
YES, I'M THE HOMBRE  
THEY CALL THE HOODED  
HORSEMAN--AN' ME  
AN' MUH DOG FLASH  
HAVE HELPED JUSTICE  
IN MANY A RUCKUS! FUNNY,  
BUT THE MOST EXCITIN' ONE  
OF ALL DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A  
SINGLE CRIMINAL OR KILLER  
AROUND--AN' YET IT'LL CHASE  
THE CHILLS  
UP YORE  
SPINE!

IT ALL STARTED THAT DAY I WAS RIDIN' THE  
RANGE, AN' SPOTTED A STRANGE SMOKE SIGNAL--

WHAT THE-- THIS AIN'T  
INJUN COUNTRY! RECKON  
I'LL MOSEY OVER AN'  
HAVE A LOOK-SEE!





CAUTIOUS-LIKE, I RODE UP--AN' WAS I GLAD I STAYED HIDDEN! CAN YUH IMAGINE A TOUGH WADDY LIKE ME --BUTTIN' IN ON A LOVE SCENE?



I'M SO GLAD YOU LIT THE SIGNAL FIRE, TOM! JUST KNOWING THE COAST WAS CLEAR AND I COULD MEET YOU HERE--

BETSY-- YUH'RE SO-- BEAUTIFUL--

OH-- OH!

NONE OF US KNEW IT THEN-- BUT IT SEEMS THAT SMOKE HAD ALSO ATTRACTED SOMEBODY ELSE'S ATTENTION!



SO THAT'S WHAR SHE GOES! MUH OWN DAUGHTER-- AN' THAT NO-ACCOUNT SHEEPMAN, TOM CONNORS! THE LOW-DOWN COYOTE!



I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON, PA--A VARMINT LIKE THAT, A-TRYIN' TUH SHINE UP TUH MUH SISTER! WHY I'LL--

SHET UP, HANK! I'LL DO WHUT HASTA BE DONE! HE COMES INTUH TOWN TUH DO HIS TRADIN' ON SATURDAYS--AN' WE'LL BE WAIT-IN'THAR FER HIM!

WAL, I NEVER EXPECTED TUH SEE LOVER-BOY AGAIN, BUT I DID! IT WAS THE FOLLOWIN' SATURDAY, IN THE SALOON AT GILA PASS! SURPRISIN', HOW MANY OF THE CASES I WORK ON BUST OPEN AT A BAR--AND THIS ONE WAS NO EXCEPTION!



YUH HEARD ME, CONNORS! KEEP AWAY FROM MUH GAL--OR SO HELP ME, I'LL TAKE YUH APART!

YUH'RE NOT SCARIN' ME, STEVENS! BETSY'S OLD ENOUGH TUH KNOW HER OWN MIND!

WHUT HAPPENED THEN HAPPENED FAST! I DIDN'T INTERFERE! AFTER ALL, STEVENS WAS THE GAL'S POP--AN' MAYBE HE KNEW SOMETHIN' ABOUT TOM CONNORS THAT I DIDN'T---



I WARNED YUH!

POW!



I--I AIN'T FORGETTIN' THAT, STEVENS! YUH BETTER KEEP AWAY FROM ME, SEE? IF--IF YUH AS MUCH AS SET FOOT ON MUH SPREAD--I'LL BE READY FER YUH WITH A GUN!

BRAVE TALK FER A YOUNGSTER--AGAINST AS ORNERY A PAIR AS THE STEVENSES! YUH MIGHT RECKON THAT THE ROMANCE WOULD BE BUSTED SKY-HIGH--BUT INSTEAD, JEST A COUPLA DAYS LATER--



WHAT WERE YUH PACKIN' FER, BETSY? TELL ME, OR--

TOM--HE--HE'S WAITING FOR ME AT HIS RANCH! WE WERE GOING TO--DRIVE TO GILA PASS AND GET MARRIED!

THAT SETTLES IT! C'MON, PA!



I'M GOIN' ALONE, HANK! IT WAS ME THAT WARNED HIM, AN' NOW-- HE'S PAYIN' FER IT!



THAT WAS THE LAST ANYBODY EVER SAW OF OL' MAN STEVENS ALIVE! THEY DIDN'T EVEN FIND HIS CARCASS! THAR WAS ONLY ONE MAN WHO **COULDA** MURDERED HIM-- ONLY ONE WITH A **MOTIVE!** AN' SO THEY ARRESTED TOM CONNORS ON A MURDER CHARGE--

IT'S AN HONOR HAVIN' YUH IN THESE PARTS, HORSE-MAN! AIMIN' TUH TAKE IN THE **TRIAL?**

RIGHT, SHERIFF! THAR'S SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS WHOLE CASE-- SOMETHIN' **STRANGE--** AN' I AIM TUH KEEP MUH EYES OPEN!



BETSY! I--

C'MON! YUH KIN TALK TUH HIM BEFORE THEY STRING 'IM UP!



THAR WAS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE APLENTY-- EVERY ITEM LIKE ANOTHER NAIL IN CONNORS' COFFIN--

THAT'S RIGHT! HALF THE TOWN HEARD HIM TELL MUH PA HE'D BE WAITIN' FER HIM WITH A GUN IF HE EVER STEPPED ONTUH HIS SPREAD! AN' WHEN I WENT WITH THE SHERIFF TUH ARREST HIM, WE FOUND A BULLET MISSIN' FROM HIS COLT! IT'D BEEN **RECENTLY FIRED!**



SHORE OL' MAN STEVENS CAME TUH MUH RANCH-- I ADMIT IT! BUT **I DIDN'T KILL 'IM!** LEMME TELL YUH THE WAY IT WAS...

WITH THE ODDS RUNNIN' HEAVY AGAINST HIM, TOM CONNORS TOOK THE STAND IN HIS OWN DEFENSE! I ALMOST FELT SORRY FER HIM, HIS STORY WAS THAT FEEBLE--

"I SEEN HIM COMIN'-- AN' **PULLIN' IRON!** I TRIED TUH GIT IN THE FUST SHOT, IN SELF-DEFENSE-- BUT I RUSHED IT, AN' IT WAS WILD!"

UGH!

**BANG!**

"I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME FER ANOTHER TRY! ALREADY, HE'D FIRED-- AN' HIS SLUG TOOK MUH GUN RIGHT OUTA MUH HAND!"

"I HAD ONLY ONE CHANCE TUH SAVE MUHSELF, AN' THAT WAS TUH PLAY DEAD! I WAS LUCKY-- 'CAUSE IT **WORKED!** AN' I NEVER SAW HIM AFTER THAT--"

HE GOT WHAT HE DESERVED, THE VARMINT!

**WAL--** ONLY THE FACT THAT THEY COULDN'T FIND A CORPSE SAVED TOM CONNORS FROM A DEATH SENTENCE! INSTEAD---

THE COURT SENTENCES YUH TUH **TWENTY YEARS AT HARD LABOR!**

**NO!** YUH--YUH CAIN'T LET THAT MURDERIN' VARMINT OFF THAT EASY!



NEXT DAY, ME AN' FLASH HIGHTAILED IT FER THE STEVENS SPREAD! I WANTED TUH SPEAK TUH YOUNG HANK STEVENS, FIND OUT IF THAR COULD BE ANY OTHER SUSPECTS--

I'M ALMOST BEGINNIN' TUH THINK MEBBE CONNORS WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH--NOBODY'D EVER THINK UP LIES THAT WEAK! WE'LL SEE WHAT HANK SAYS!



BUT I DIDN'T FIND HANK STEVENS! INSTEAD--

WAL, I'LL BE--!



WHAT CATAMOUNT TIED YUH UP, MA'AM? WHAT--

IT--IT WAS MY BROTHER HANK! HE'S RIDDEN INTO GILA PASS TO RAISE A LYNCH MOB! THEY--THEY'RE GOING TO GET TOM OUT OF THE JAIL--AND HANG HIM!



YUP, THAT'S WHAT THE CRITTERS WERE UP TUH! AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THEY WERE BATTERIN' AWAY AT THE LOCKUP---

**BREAK IT DOWN, WADDIES!** I GOT A ROPE THAT'S JEST A-WAITIN' FER THAT KILLER!



-- AN' YUH KIN BE SHORE I WAS PUTTIN' THE SPURS TUH MUH BRONC! GUILTY OR NOT, THEY WEREN'T HANGIN' TOM CONNORS WHILE THE HOODED HORSEMAN COULD RIDE!

**FASTER, FLASH!** IF WE DON'T SHOW SPEED NOW--IT'S ALL UP WITH HIM!



YUH COULDN'TA GOT ANY ODDS ON A CERTAIN GALOOT'S LIFE JUST THEN--HIS PROSPECTS WAS LOOKIN' MIGHTY DIM---

OKAY, BOYS! WE'RE ALL SET!



TALK ABOUT YORE SPLIT-SECOND TIMIN'--WE DIDN'T MAKE IT BY MUCH! MATTER O' FACT, TOM'S STILL BLESSIN' THE FACT THAT I KIN SHOOT STRAIGHT--



WHAT THE-- IT'S THE HOODED HORSEMAN! I'LL TEACH HIM TUH BUTT IN HERE!

I DON'T LIKE WADDIES WHO TAKE THE LAW INTUH THAR OWN HANDS, PARDNER!







FUNNY, HOW I HATE GITTIN' SHOT AT-- AN' HOW A ROPE SOMETIMES BEATS A SIXGUN ALL HOLLOW--

HUH? HERE'S WHAR YUH GIT OFF, HOMBRES!



AN' **YOU**-- DON'T TRY SNEAKIN' UP ON ME, PARDNER-- **I RILE EASY!**

POW!



BUT THE ODDS AGAINST ME WAS PRETTY HEAVY, AN' THAR'S NO TELLIN' HOW THINGS MIGHTA TURNED OUT-- IF IT WASN'T FER **FLASH!** NOW YUH KIN SEE WHY IT PAYS TUH HAVE HIM ALONG--

CONSNARN THAT MUTT! HOW CAN WE USE OUR IRONS WHEN--

GRRRRR--



YUH KIN BE SHORE I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION TUH CUT TOM CONNORS LOOSE!

OKAY, TOMMY-BOY! LET'S RIDE!



KEEP LOW AN' WE GOT A CHANCE TUH MAKE IT!



I LEFT HIM AT A MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY, TAKIN' HIS HOSS AWAY-- YUH SEE, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY **PROOF** THAT HE WAS INNOCENT--

LOOKS LIKE I GOTTA STAY PUT-- NO MOUNT AN' NO GRUB! I'LL BE WAITIN' FER YUH, HORSEMAN!

I'LL TRY TUH MAKE A DEAL WITH THE SHERIFF TUH TRANSFER YUH TUH A SAFER LOCKUP AT THE STATE CAPITOL! THAR'LL BE TIME ENOUGH THEN TUH LOOK INTUH YORE CASE A MITE DEEPER!



ON THE WAY TUH GILA PASS, I STOPPED OFF FER WATER AT OL' JUAN'S PLACE, SPANG ON THE ROAD BETWEEN THE STEVENS RANCH AN' TOM CONNORS' SPREAD! IT WAS THAR I LEARNED SOMETHING STRANGE--

YUH SAY THAT ON THE DAY OL' MAN STEVENS DISAPPEARED, HE NEVER EVEN **PASSED** HERE EITHER GOIN' TUH OR COMIN' FROM CONNORS' HOME? BUT THAT'S **IMPORTANT**-- WHY DIDN'T YUH TESTIFY ABOUT IT AT THE TRIAL?

NOBODY ASKED ME, SEÑOR!



HMMM... TELL ME, JUAN... IS THERE ANY **OTHER** WAY, BESIDES THIS ROAD IN FRONT OF YORE PLACE, OF GETTIN' FROM STEVENS' SPREAD TUH CONNORS'?

NO **EASY** WAY, SEÑOR! THE MOST DIRECT ROUTE WOULD BE A STRAIGHT LINE OVER THAT MOUNTAIN RIDGE, BUT IT IS ROUGH, IMPASSABLE!



BUT OL' MAN STEVENS HAD REACHED THE CONNORS PLACE -- HADN'T TOM ADMITTED IT AT THE TRIAL? THAT MEANT HE HAD TUH HAVE GONE OVER THE MOUNTAIN -- AN' SCOUTIN' AROUND, I FOUND THE WAY! IT WAS AN OL' INJUN TRAIL --

SHOWS SIGNS O' SOMEBODY RIDIN' IT PRETTY RECENT! BUT ONLY GOIN' -- NOT COMIN' BACK!



OVER THE MOUNTAIN WENT THE ROUGH TRAIL -- UNTIL A RIVER BARRED THE WAY --

SAY, THAT OL' BRIDGE IS BROKEN -- FRESHLY BROKEN! BUT I RECKON THAT CAN'T MEAN ANYTHIN' -- WHAR COULD A MAN AN' A HOSS DISAPPEAR TUH IN SHALLOW WATER LIKE THAT?



IT CAME ALL OF A SUDDEN, THAT VICIOUS BUZZIN' --



-- SO SUDDEN THAT I WASN'T READY FER WHAT HAPPENED NEXT!



I FIGGERED THE JOKE WAS ON ME AS I WENT TUH CLIMB OUT -- BUT THEN CAME AN AWFUL REALIZATION --



WERE YUH EVER CAUGHT IN THAT THROTTLIN' BOTTOMLESS MUCK? THEN YUH'LL KNOW HOW I FELT WHEN MUH STRUGGLES ONLY PULLED ME DOWN FURTHER -- AN' DEATH LOOMED CLOSE! THAR WAS ONLY ONE SLIM HOPE LEFT --



IT WAS AT TIMES LIKE THESE THAT I THANKED HEAVEN FER THAT ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE --



DON'T -- DON'T PUT YORE FEET DOWN, FLASH, OR IT'LL GIT YOU TOO -- JUST GO BACK AN' GIT THAT BRONC STARTED!







THE ROPE TAUTENED AS, STEP AFTER STEP, THE BRONC FORGED AHEAD--DRAWIN' ME OUT OF THAT AWFUL GRAVE TOWARDS THE SHORE! AND IN THE SHADOW OF A WILLOW--I MADE A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY!



I ROPED THE BODY AND PULLED IT ASHORE! IT WAS OL' MAN STEVENS, ALL RIGHT--KILLED BY THE QUICKSAND! TOM CONNORS HAD TOLD THE TRUTH--HE WAS INNOCENT!



YES, I WAS RIGHT HAPPY FER CONNORS--LITTLE KNOWIN' WHAT HE WAS UP TUH AT THAT VERY MOMENT!



IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TUH SPOT THAT FAMILIAR SMOKE SIGNAL--



HOW RIGHT I WAS! SPUR-RIN' TUH A NEARBY HEIGHT, I SAW---

CONNORS DOESN'T REALIZE I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT INJUN SMOKE O' HIS! THIS TIME WE'LL STRING HIM SO HIGH EVEN THE BIRDS WON'T GIT TUH HIM!



HIS--HIS LIFE WON'T BE WUTH A PLUGGED NICKEL IF HANK STEVENS NABS HIM--AN' HE'S GOT A BIG LEAD ON ME! I'LL HAFTA USE SOME DANGEROUS SHORT CUTS--AN' I STILL DON'T THINK I KIN MAKE IT!



THAT'S WHAT I SAID--DANGEROUS SHORT CUTS--BUT I HADDA DO IT!





IT WAS TOO BAD! STEVENS DID GIT THAR AHEAD O' ME--

THAR AIN'T NO TREES FER HANGIN' AROUND HERE--BUT A BULLET'LL DO JEST AS WELL! THIS IS A FAIR EXECUTION, CONNORS--FAIRER THAN THE WAY YUH KILLED MUH OL' MAN! HERE GOES!



YUP, HE'D GOTTEN THERE AHEAD--BUT I WAS BUSY MAKIN' UP FER LOST TIME!

MIND IF I JINE YORE LITTLE PARTY?



HELP! H-HELP! G-GIT THIS DEVIL OFFA ME!

THAT LEFT HANK STEVENS AS THE ONLY ABLE-BODIED MEMBER O' THE OPPOSITION--AN' YUH SHORE KIN SAY THAT 'ABLE-BODIED' AGIN!

YUH WOULDN'T BE SO BRAVE IF YUH DIDN'T HAVE THAT GUN!

WE'LL SEE, LOUD-MOUTH! I HAVEN'T GOT IT NOW!



NEXT MOMENT, I WAS HIT A KING-SIZE WALLOP THAT ALMOST KNOCKED ME OFFEN THE CLIFF! IT WAS GOOD LUCK THAT SAVED ME---



I'LL TEACH YUH--TUH TANGLE WITH ME!

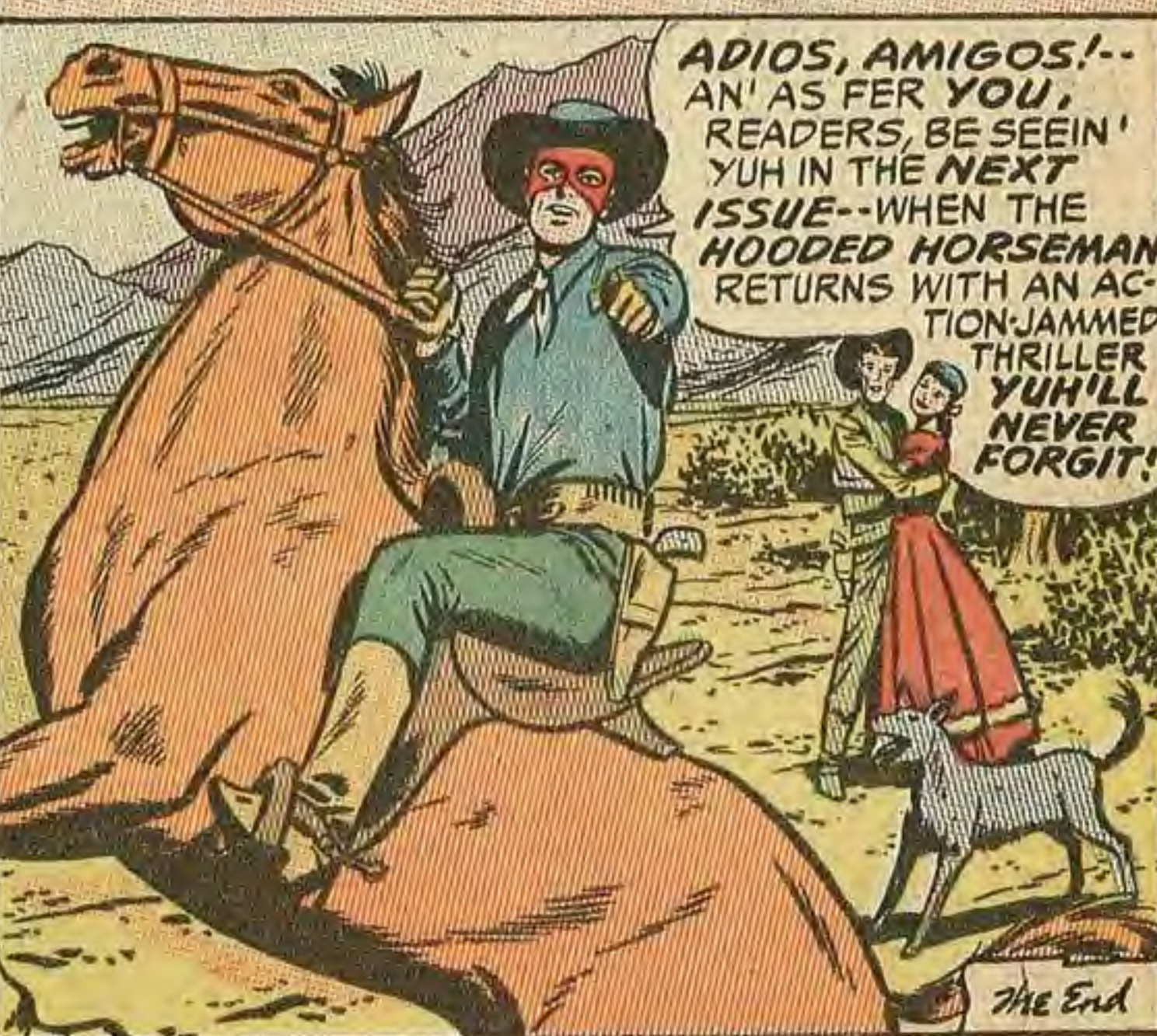
DURN IT, I LOST MUH TEMPER THEN--AN' WHEN I LOSE MUH TEMPER--



I'M FINISHIN' THIS RUCKUS RIGHT NOW!

BLAM! OOOOF!

WAL, THAT'S MUH STORY! I HAD THE PLEASURE O' SEEIN' BETSY AN' TOM REUNITED, AN' THEN--RECKON IT WAS TIME FER ME TUH BE RIDIN' ON!



ADIOS, AMIGOS!--AN' AS FER YOU, READERS, BE SEEIN' YUH IN THE NEXT ISSUE--WHEN THE HOODED HORSEMAN RETURNS WITH AN ACTION-JAMMED THRILLER YUH'LL NEVER FORGIT!



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# HEROIC COWARD

**T**HIS is a story about Bob Garland, who had been born in a tough Texas cowtown and had, at the age of eight, left it with his mother, following the death of his father in a brawl. Mrs. Garland was determined that her son be brought up as far from violence as possible. And so he was raised gently in the east, never knowing a hard word or a hand raised in anger. This was, in a way, unfortunate, because his mother died when he was 22, leaving him nothing but a small ranch back in the town of his birth, Poke City—and a lad unaccustomed to the hard ways of Texas was now forced to return there. Not that Bob minded—he looked forward to the place he had known as a child, and to seeing once again his childhood sweetheart, Anne Blakely. He found her as attractive as she found him, and it wasn't long before the local folk regarded it as a surefire romance. And then something happened which changed everything. An undersized runt of a drunken cowhand had challenged Bob as he escorted Anne through the streets of the town, and Bob had been afraid to take up the challenge—had backed away nervously before the little man. The code of the west had made him a laughing-stock in town, and Anne wanted no more of him, breaking two hearts in the process—his and her own!

There was no use explaining that it was his gentle upbringing that was at fault—nobody would listen, not when they could laugh mockingly at the cowardly easterner! They didn't hesitate to play crude tricks and practical jokes on him now, but it remained for Sheriff Foster to come up with the richest of all. Everybody knew that Mike Jarvis, notorious killer and stage-robber, had his hideout in the nearby hills—but nobody, the Sheriff included, dared risk the bad man and his gang in an attempted capture. And so what Sheriff Foster did, amid the town's howls of mirth, was to deputize Bob Garland to bring in Jarvis. It was terribly funny—to all but Bob. He had lost Anne, lost the town's respect—and life was worth nothing to him unless he could reclaim both. So he gritted his teeth against the laughter—and rode out of town, heading for the hills—and Jarvis. It wasn't difficult to find him—what was the sense of hiding when everybody's afraid of one—and one's gang? They

led Bob into his presence, and once more there was laughter, because word of the great joke had already spread. "How'dja ever git up enough nerve tuh show up here, hero?" jeered Jarvis. "Yuh know, I *eat* li'l boys like you fer breakfast—specially when they're cowards!"

*Coward*—the word which had tortured him so much. He had to prove that he *wasn't* one, even if it killed him! The leering face of Jarvis swam in his vision. Where the resolution came from, he never knew. All the strength of his long, lean body went into that terrific blow which caught the outlaw in mid-laugh, breaking his jaw—and sending him crashing to the floor, dead to the world! There was no time to ponder over the rashness of his move—not with Jarvis's four henchmen in the room, bent on vengeance. Bob was packing two guns—he wouldn't have dared crash the mountain hideaway without them—but in his heart, he knew that he wouldn't, *couldn't* use them to kill—it wasn't in him! In a moment of split-second vision, Bob knew that the henchmen were going for their guns—that he had to do something about it *quick*—or die! One thing in his favor that they *didn't* know, and that was that he'd been a small arms expert back at college. One thing he *could* do, and that was to handle guns, although he'd never used them against his fellow-man. But now the chips were down. In a fluid motion too fast for the eye to follow, both of Bob Garland's guns cleared their holsters. They roared forth their challenge. *Bam! Bam!* Like magic, the guns of two of the outlaws were blasted clear out of their hands. *Bam!* A third bullet expertly creased a temple—a man went crashing downward! And the fourth henchman didn't dare do anything but join the two who'd been disarmed in abject surrender!

Poke City will never forget that day when rough, tough Mike Jarvis was herded into town, a prisoner, along with his four law-breaking waddies. And delivering them to Sheriff Foster was none other than the "coward," Bob Garland himself! He was a *heroic* coward, folks decided, and never again did anyone dare laugh at him. If they did, they'd have to reckon with *Mrs. Anne Garland*—and who wanted to run a risk like *that*?



THINK YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT COWBOYS? WELL-- HERE'S A NEW KIND! A ROOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN' WADDY FROM WYOMING, RIDING A RANGE YOU'D NEVER DREAMED OF! DON'T LOOK FOR ROUNDUPS AND CHUCKWAGONS HERE-- BECAUSE THEY DON'T HAVE THEM IN THE DISTANT, PERILOUS JUNGLES OF INDIA! INSTEAD, WATCH WRANGLER JOE KING CALL ON HIS READY ROPE AND SMOKING SIXGUNS IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH AGAINST LIONS, TIGERS-- ALL THE VICIOUS MARAUDERS OF THE TROPICS! SEE HIM BATTLE FOR A KINGDOM IN THE DAUNTLESS ROLE OF--

# "COWBOY SAHIB!"



HERE'S THE SORT OF COWPUNCHER YOU AND I ARE USED TO-- FROM MONTANA TO THE PANHANDLE--

YIPPEEE!

RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!



BUT THIS VARIETY-- WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIS LIKE BEFORE! THE SCENE IS LARIJUNA, A REMOTE MOUNTAIN PRINCIPALITY IN FAR-OFF INDIA-- AND DON'T RUB YOUR EYES, BECAUSE YOU'RE WIDE AWAKE! YES, THAT'S AN ELEPHANT HE'S RIDING--

**COWBOY SAHIB!**  
**HURRAH FOR COWBOY SAHIB!**



IF YOU THINK IT'S LIKE SUBJECTS ACCLAIMING THEIR RULER-- **YOU'RE RIGHT!** FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE ANY OF THAT CHEERING THROG--

YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF HOW **COWBOY SAHIB** REMAINED IN INDIA AFTER THE GREAT WAR-- AND WON FROM A SULTAN THE MYSTIC RING WHICH GAVE HIM THE RIGHT TO RULE **LARIJUNA**?





"AH, WE HAVE PROSPERED UNDER HIS BENEVOLENT REIGN! TRUE, PERHAPS JUST A TOUCH OF WYOMING HAS CREPT IN-- THE MANNER IN WHICH **COWBOY SAHIB** TRAINED THE ROYAL GUARD, FOR INSTANCE--"



NOW RE-MEMBER, HOMBRES--YUH KEEP THAT LINE LOOSE--FREE-RUNNIN'--

"--EVEN THE WAY IN WHICH HE HAS FOUGHT TO **KEEP** HIS KINGDOM! KONCHAK, THE GIANT COSSACK, TRIED TO WREST IT FROM HIM--BUT COWBOY SAHIB'S RANGE-TOUGHENED STRENGTH WON OUT!"



THAT--FINISHES YUH--YUH VARMINT--

WELL--IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW **COWBOY SAHIB** BEFORE, YOU KNOW HIM NOW! NOW, WHEN LARIJUNA IS SAFE, AND **ALMITA**, HIS BELOVED, NEARBY, HE **SHOULD** BE HAPPY--BUT HE **ISN'T**!

CONSNARN IT, **ALMITA**--MUST YUH **ALWAYS** BE LEAVIN' ME LIKE THIS? I--I'D BEGUN THINKIN' THAT MEBBE--

MY PARENTS ARE OLD--I WOULD SEE THEM! BUT I SHALL LIVE FOR THE MOMENT WHEN I SHALL RETURN TO YOUR SIDE!



AND SO **ALMITA** RODE FORTH--LITTLE KNOWING THAT HER PATH WAS DESTINED SHORTLY TO CROSS THAT OF **KONCHAK THE COSSACK**--THE GIANT FOEMAN MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED FROM DEATH--



COWBOY SAHIB... HE... BESTED ME...BUT I'LL HAVE...HIS LIFE AND HIS KINGDOM YET....

HE NEEDED A HORSE--AND WHAT **KONCHAK** NEEDED--HE TOOK!



**ALMITA!** NOW MY REVENGE BECOMES **EASIER!**

YOU DIDN'T THINK TO SEE **ME** ALIVE, DID YOU?

**KONCHAK!** NO--NO--HELP!



IT WOULD BE MADNESS TO STAY **HERE**--IN THE HEART OF HIS PROVINCE! BETTER TO MAKE FOR THE HILLS-- WHERE I CAN SAFELY PLAN HOW BEST TO USE **YOU** AGAINST **COWBOY SAHIB!**



THEY HAD RIDDEN ALMOST TO THE NORTHERN BORDERS OF **LARIJUNA** WHEN THEY WERE SEIZED BY A BAND OF COMMUNIST SCOUTS FROM **TIBET**--



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT US! PERHAPS I CAN STRIKE SOME BARGAIN WITH YOUR RED LEADER IN **TIBET**--**TAKE ME TO HIM!**



IN HIS WILDEST DREAMS, KONCHAK COULDN'T HAVE IMAGINED JUST **WHO** THAT RED LEADER WOULD TURN OUT TO BE! THIS WAS **FEAR** ON THE GIANT'S FACE--FEAR OF A TINY MAN HE COULD HAVE BROKEN IN ONE HAND--



**P-PETROV!**

AH, BUT THIS IS A **PLEASURE**, KONCHAK-- A PLEASURE I HADN'T **ANTICIPATED!**

**PETROV--SOVIET HATCHET-MAN--RELENTLESS AND PSYCHOPATHIC KILLER--**

I REMEMBER YOU WELL, KONCHAK--THE BIG MAN WHO WAS MORE AMBITIOUS FOR **HIMSELF** THAN THE PARTY! HOW I ENJOYED YOUR SCREAMS BEFORE YOU WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO ESCAPE AND FLEE RUSSIA! TELL ME--DO YOU KNOW ANY REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T EXECUTE YOU **NOW?**



NO, NO, PETROV --**MERCY!** SPARE ME AND I--**I'LL DELIVER A KINGDOM TO YOU!**

WHEN THE STORY WAS TOLD---

--AND WE CAN USE **ALMITA** TO LURE COWBOY SAHIB **HERE!** ONCE WE TRAP HIM AND WREST FROM HIM THE RING OF EMPIRE-- **LARIJUNA WILL BE YOURS!**



HMMM... IT COULD BE A BUFFER IN CASE OF ATTACK ON TIBET--OR A SPRINGBOARD FOR A RED INVASION OF INDIA! AND IF WE COULD GET IT **BLOODLESSLY----**



WHOEVER LEFT IT FOR YOU VANISHED QUICKLY, OH MIGHTY RULER!

IT'S FROM **ALMITA**--AND SHE SAYS IT'S A MATTER O' **LIFE AND DEATH** THAT I COME TO THE LAMASERY IN GYANGTSE **PRONTO--ALONE!** IT'S HER HANDWRITIN', ALL RIGHT--BUT IT **MIGHT BE A TRAP!**

**TRAP OR NO, THIS WAS THE WOMAN HE LOVED--HE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY! AND SO, NEAR THE BORDER, HE TOOK LEAVE OF THE ROYAL GUARD--**



IT BRINGS GRIEF TO OUR HEARTS THAT WE MUST LEAVE YOU HERE, COWBOY SAHIB!

SORRY, HOMBRES-- FROM HERE ON, I GOTTA GO IT **ALONE!** YUH KIN WAIT FER ME

BACK A PIECE--IF THAR'S TROUBLE, I'LL BURN A BEACON TUH CALL YUH!

**AT THE BORDER BETWEEN LARIJUNA AND TIBET--**



DON'T TRUST THAT BRIDGE... IF ANYBODY WAS SET ON DRYGULCHIN' ME, THEY'D BE HIDIN' IN THE WOODS RIGHT NEAR THE LARIJUNA SIDE OF IT! BUT IF I KIN ROPE THAT STUMP RIGHT OPPOSITE, I'LL FOOL 'EM!



BOY HOWDY! **SOME WAY O'GITTIN' INTUH TIBET!**

**LATER--IN THE LAMASERY AT GYANGTSE--**

YOU'RE-- **LOVELY!** YOU KNOW, I COULD **DO** THINGS FOR YOU, MY DEAR--IF YOU CHOSE TO FORGET THAT STUPID AMERICAN!--

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME--YOU-- **YOU--**







GO AHEAD-- **FINISH** WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO CALL ME! **I'LL SEE THAT YOU SUFFER FOR IT!**

**LET ME--ALONE! H-HELP!**



A SLIGHT NOISE FROM THE WINDOW, AND PETROV WHIRLED! HE WAS TOO LATE! **COWBOY SAHIB** WAS ON THE SCENE!

**YUH HEARD THE LADY, YUH PINT-SIZE VARMINT!**

**OOF!**

**POW!**



**SURPRISED TO SEE ME, EH? PROBABLY HAD AN **AMBUSH** ARRANGED AT THE BRIDGE!**

AH, YES--YOU MISSED YOUR CHANCE BACK THERE TO FIND THAT **KONCHAK** IS STILL ALIVE! BUT OUT OF RESPECT FOR YOUR REPUTATION, I ARRANGED A **SECOND AMBUSH!** IF YOU WILL--LOOK TOWARDS THE DOOR!



**[IN A DEADLY ONRUSH--]**

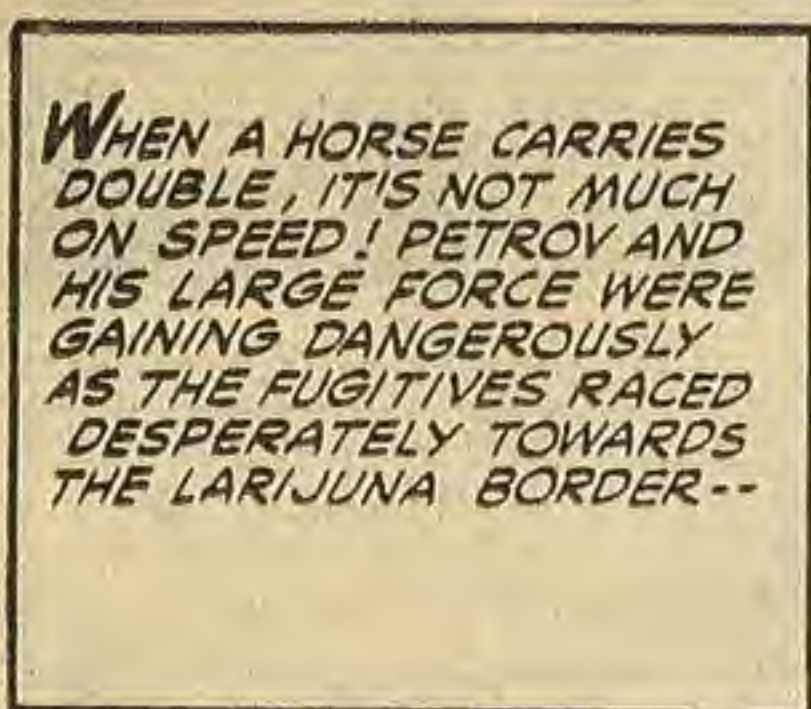
**THE WINDOW, ALMITA-- THE WINDOW! QUICK!**

**BANG!**



**HOPE THAT CAYUSE KIN COVER GROUND!**

**BANG!**



**WHEN A HORSE CARRIES DOUBLE, IT'S NOT MUCH ON SPEED! PETROV AND HIS LARGE FORCE WERE GAINING DANGEROUSLY AS THE FUGITIVES RACED DESPERATELY TOWARDS THE LARIJUNA BORDER--**



**WE'LL HAVE TUH TAKE THE BRIDGE ACROSS, ALMITA--THEY'RE TOO CLOSE! KONCHAK AND HIS WADDIES WILL BE WAITIN' FER US IN THE WOODS ON THE OTHER SIDE-- BUT WE GOT NO CHOICE!**



**HALT! WE'LL RETIRE INTO THE HILLS, WHILE **KONCHAK** TAKES CARE OF THE YANKEE FOOL! I DO NOT WISH TO ENTER LARIJUNA IN FORCE UNTIL I GET HIS **RING!** MEANWHILE--WHY RISK INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS?**



**IT ALL WENT ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE! AS THEY THUNDERED ACROSS THE NARROW BRIDGE--THE TRAP SPRANG SHUT!**

**THAR THEY ARE NOW! I'LL DROP OFF WHEN WE HIT 'EM, ALMITA--BUT I WANT YOU TUH TRY TUH RIDE ON THROUGH! IF YUH DO--SET OFF A **FIRE** AT THE TOP O' THE NEAREST HILL!**



IT WAS LIKE A FOOTBALL GAME--WITH COWBOY SAHIB HITTING THE LINE WHILE ALMITA WENT THROUGH--



RIDE GAL--  
RIDE!

WHAM!

THIS WAS A WESTERN WADDY FIGHTING WITH ALL THE WIRY STRENGTH OF THE RANGELAND--FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE--FIGHTING FOR THE EMPIRE WHICH HE RULED! IT ALMOST SEEMED AS IF A MIRACLE WERE IN THE MAKING--



COME ON! I'LL TAKE ON--  
ALL OF YUH!

BAM!

--BUT IT WAS A MIRACLE FOILED BY THE ODDS AGAINST HIM--BY THE SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH OF KONCHAK THE COSSACK!



YOU THINK YOU  
GET PAST ME,  
EH?

BAM!

WELL, YUH  
GOT ME--  
YUH GOT MUH  
RING-- WHY  
NOT SHOOT  
ME AN' GIT  
IT OVER  
WITH?



SHOOT HIM, HE  
SAYS! FOR WHAT  
YOU HAVE DONE  
TO KONCHAK, SUCH  
A DEATH IS **TOO  
EASY!** NO--FOR  
YOU I HAVE SOME-  
THING **PLANNED**  
-- SOMETHING  
**SPECIAL!**

MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY, THE  
ROYAL GUARD CAME TO A SUD-  
DEN ALERT! THERE AGAINST  
THE SKY IT BURNED--THE  
BEACON WHICH SUMMONED THEM!  
ALMITA HAD BEEN FAITHFUL TO  
HER TRUST!



IT IS THE  
SIGNAL!  
TO ARMS!

COWBOY  
SAHIB  
SUMMONS  
US!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A TERRI-  
BLE REVENGE WAS UNDERWAY!



SO YUH GOT ME  
SEALED IN THIS  
CANYON! NOW  
WHAT?

LOOK!

THERE IT WAS, CHARGING TOWARDS  
HIM-- A TON OF CAPTIVE DESTRU-  
CTION ON THE LOOSE!



H-HOLY  
H. SMOKE!



UH---



IN SOME WAYS, IT WAS LIKE A RODEO BACK HOME IN WYOMING, WITH THE WRANGLERS WATCHING FROM THE CORRAL BARS--BUT THE RESEMBLANCE ENDED THERE! THESE WEREN'T FRIENDLY PUNCHERS, BUT BLOODTHIRSTY REDS LED BY A GIANT DEVIL! AND THIS WAS NO SUNFISHING BRONC--BUT A MAN-KILLING RHINOCEROS!

HAW-HAW! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE ENTERTAINMENT I'VE PLANNED FOR YOU? AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, WRETCH!



OH-HHH!

LAUGHTER--LAUGHTER--BUT NOW, PUNCTUATED BY GUNSHOTS! COWBOY SAHIB'S ROYAL GUARD HAS ARRIVED--STRIKING IN A SWEEPING, GUN-SLINGING ONSET!

HURRAH!

STRIKE--FOR COWBOY SAHIB!



BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

RALLYING, THE TIBETANS FOUGHT BACK! BUT THEY WERE UP AGAINST SOMETHING NEW--INDIAN TROOPS THAT FOUGHT LIKE WYOMING WADDIES--AND WROUGHT DESTRUCTION!

DOWN WITH THE REDS!

BAM!

BAM!

CRACK!



STUNNED AND UNBELIEVING, KONCHAK THE COSSACK WATCHED HIS MEN MELTING AWAY BEFORE A TRAINED WESTERN ONSLAUGHT! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO--ESCAPE ACROSS THE BRIDGE INTO TIBET--

PETROV AND HIS FULL BATTLE FORCE ARE WAITING NOT FAR OFF! I--I'LL BRING HIM THE RING I TOOK FROM COWBOY SAHIB--AND WE'LL ENTER LARIJUNA IN FORCE, SWEEPING EVERYTHING BEFORE US!



AT THAT MOMENT, ALMITA HAD ARRIVED! BESIDE HERSELF WITH HORROR, SHE SAW THE NIGHTMARE BEAST AS IT PREPARED FOR THE KILL!--

COWBOY SAHIB! YOUR ROPE--TAKE IT--USE IT!



DIMLY, HER VOICE PENETRATED HIS DAZED CONSCIOUSNESS! HIS HAND CLOSED ABOUT THE FAMILIAR LOOP--AND SOMEHOW, HE STAGGERED TO HIS FEET! THE GROUND WAS THUNDERING UNDER THE ENRAGED RHINO'S CHARGE--IT WAS PURE FIGHTING INSTINCT THAT MADE HIM STAGGER OUT OF THE WAY IN THE NICK OF TIME! THE THROW--BY SOME DIVINE CHANCE, THE NOOSE SETTLED ABOUT THE BEAST'S NECK---

I--MADE IT--





ALREADY HIS HEAD WAS CLEARING, AND TIME-TESTED WESTERN KNOW-HOW WAS TAKING OVER! THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE IN THE CANYON WHERE HE WAS SAFE FROM THE HUGE RHINOCEROS, AND THAT WAS -- ON ITS BACK! A FAST FEINT, A TIGERISH LEAP -- AND COWBOY SAHIB WAS MOUNTED! IN A TRICE, THE NOOSE BECAME A HACKAMORE -- AND THE STRANGEST RIDE IN HISTORY BEGAN!



GOT TO --  
HANG ON -- GOT  
TO RIDE HIM --  
OR DIE --

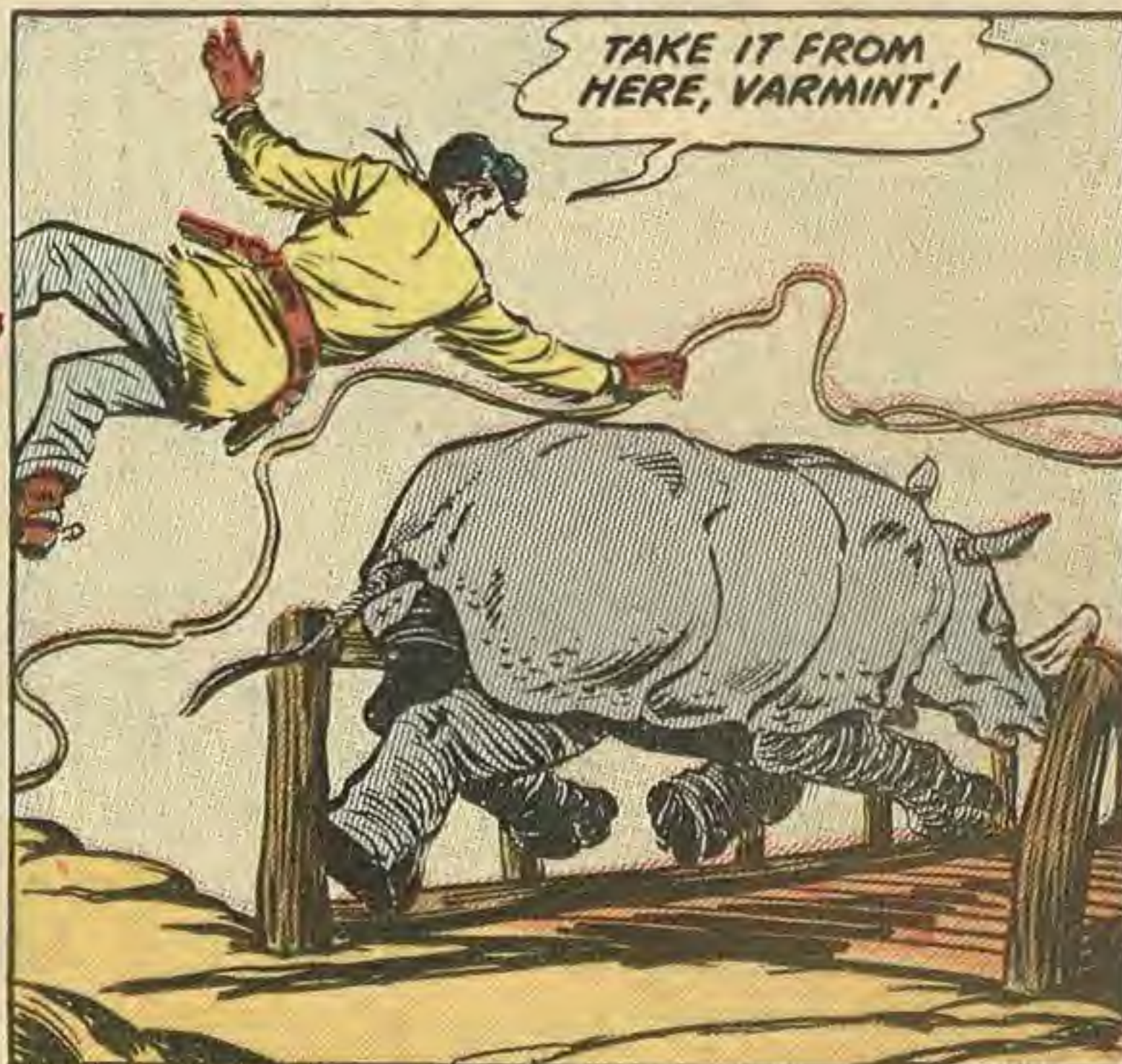
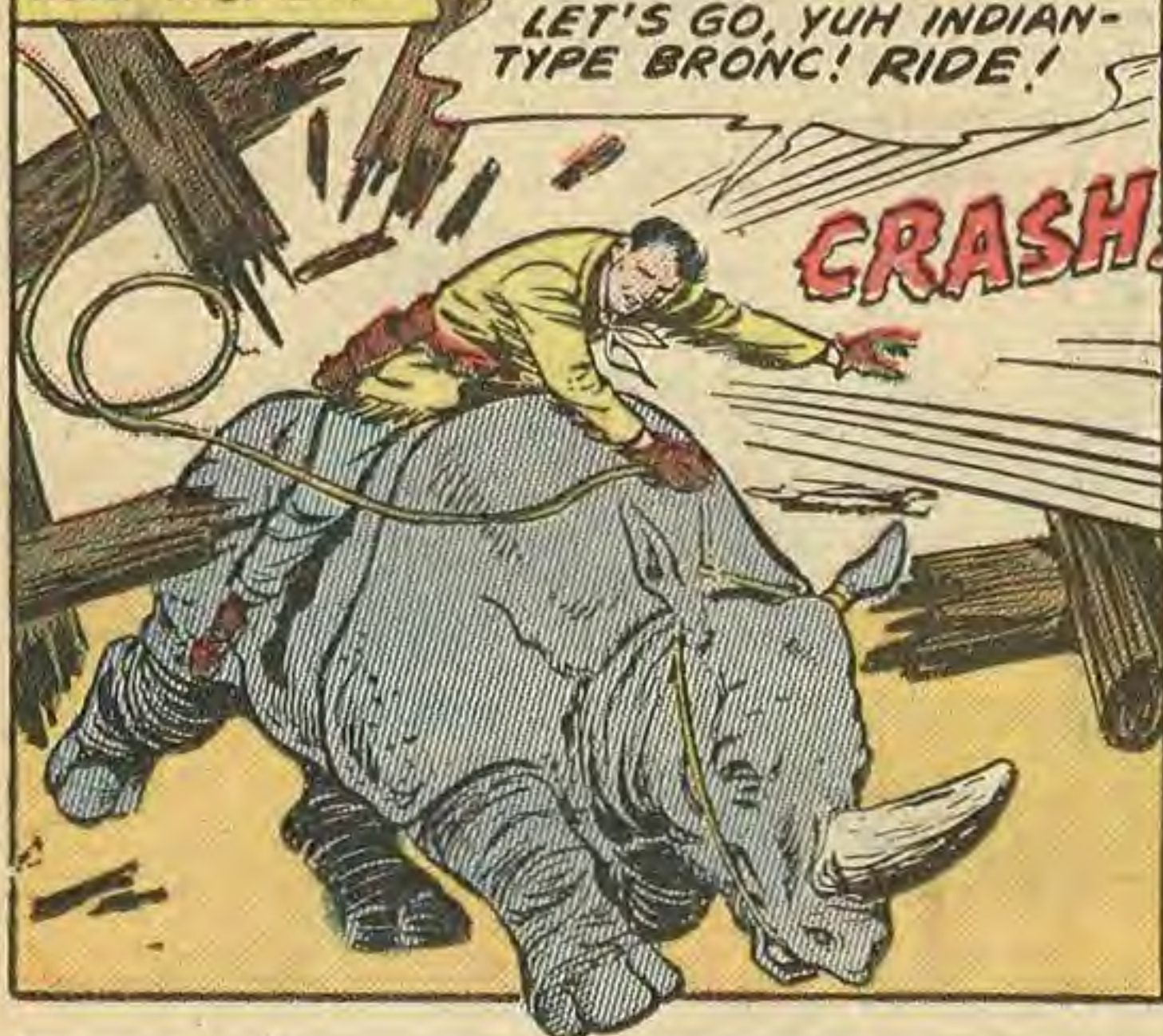
MEANWHILE, AN OVERWHELMING FORCE RODE OUT ONTO THE BRIDGE LEADING TO LARIJUNA! AT ITS HEAD WERE KONCHAK AND PETROV -- THE RED LEADER WEARING THE MYSTIC RING OF EMPIRE...

THE RING MAKES YOU RIGHTFUL RULER OF LARIJUNA, PETROV -- AS I PROMISED! FIRST WE'LL WIPE OUT THE YANKEE COWBOY'S MEN --



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AS KONCHAK HAD SAID -- IF COWBOY SAHIB HADN'T WITNESSED THE COMING INVASION FROM THE BARRICADED CANYON! NEXT MOMENT --

LET'S GO, YUH INDIAN-  
TYPE BRONC! RIDE!



TAKE IT FROM  
HERE, VARMINT!

OUT, OUT ONTO THE FRAIL BRIDGE THUNDERED THE PONDEROUS BEAST -- CRASHING HEADLONG INTO THE ADVANCING COLUMN! THE WEIGHT AND SHOCK WERE TOO MUCH -- SNAPPING THE SPAN -- AND SENDING THE INVADERS HURLING DOWNWARD INTO THE CHASM, FAR BELOW!

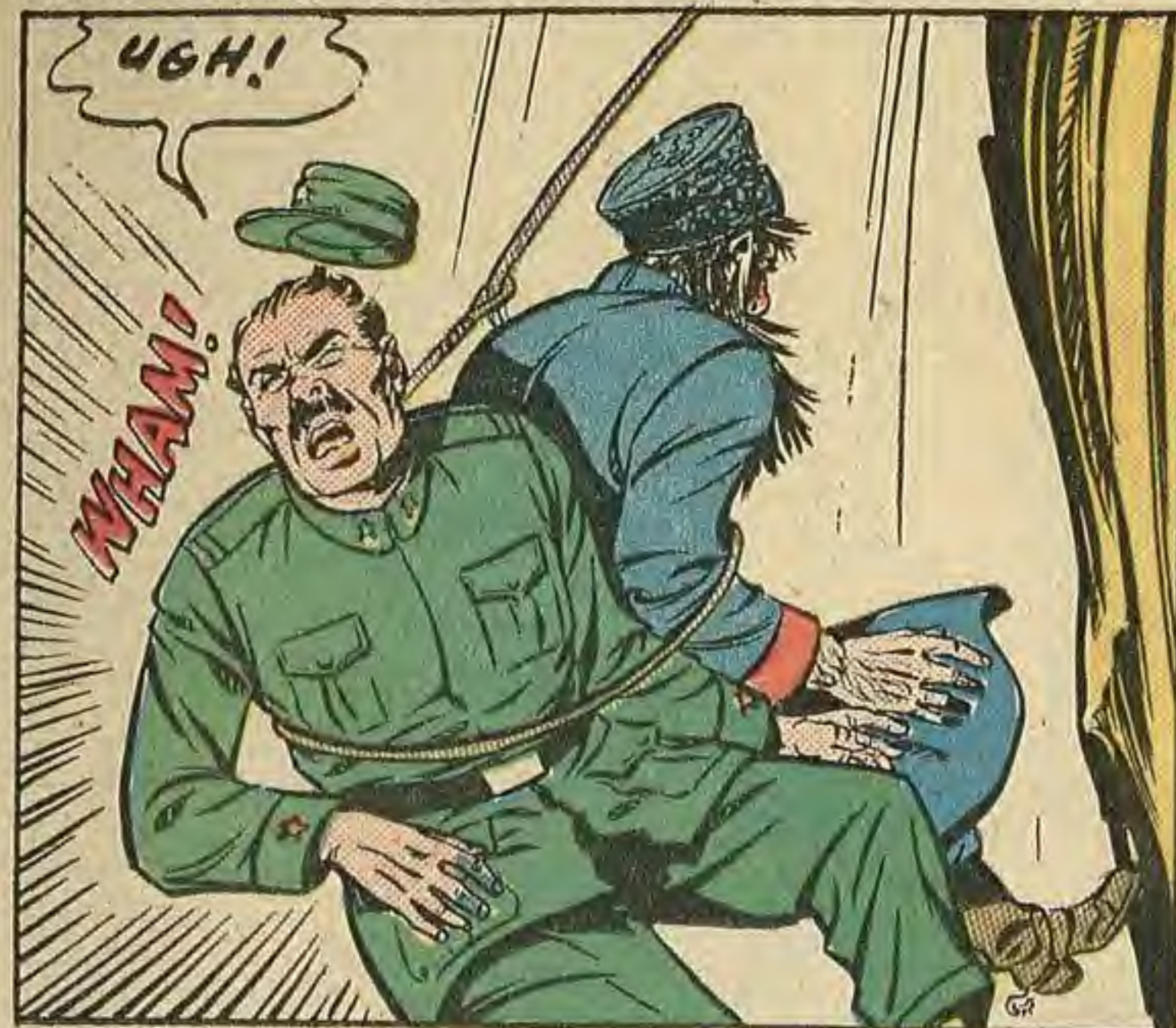


H-HELP!

THE BRIDGE --  
IT'S BROKEN --



DOWN PLUMMETED KONCHAK AND PETROV--BUT SUD-  
DENLY, SOMETHING CHECKED THEIR FALL WITH A  
SNAP! THEY'D BEEN NEAR ENOUGH FOR COWBOY  
SAHIB'S FAST THROW--AND NOW--



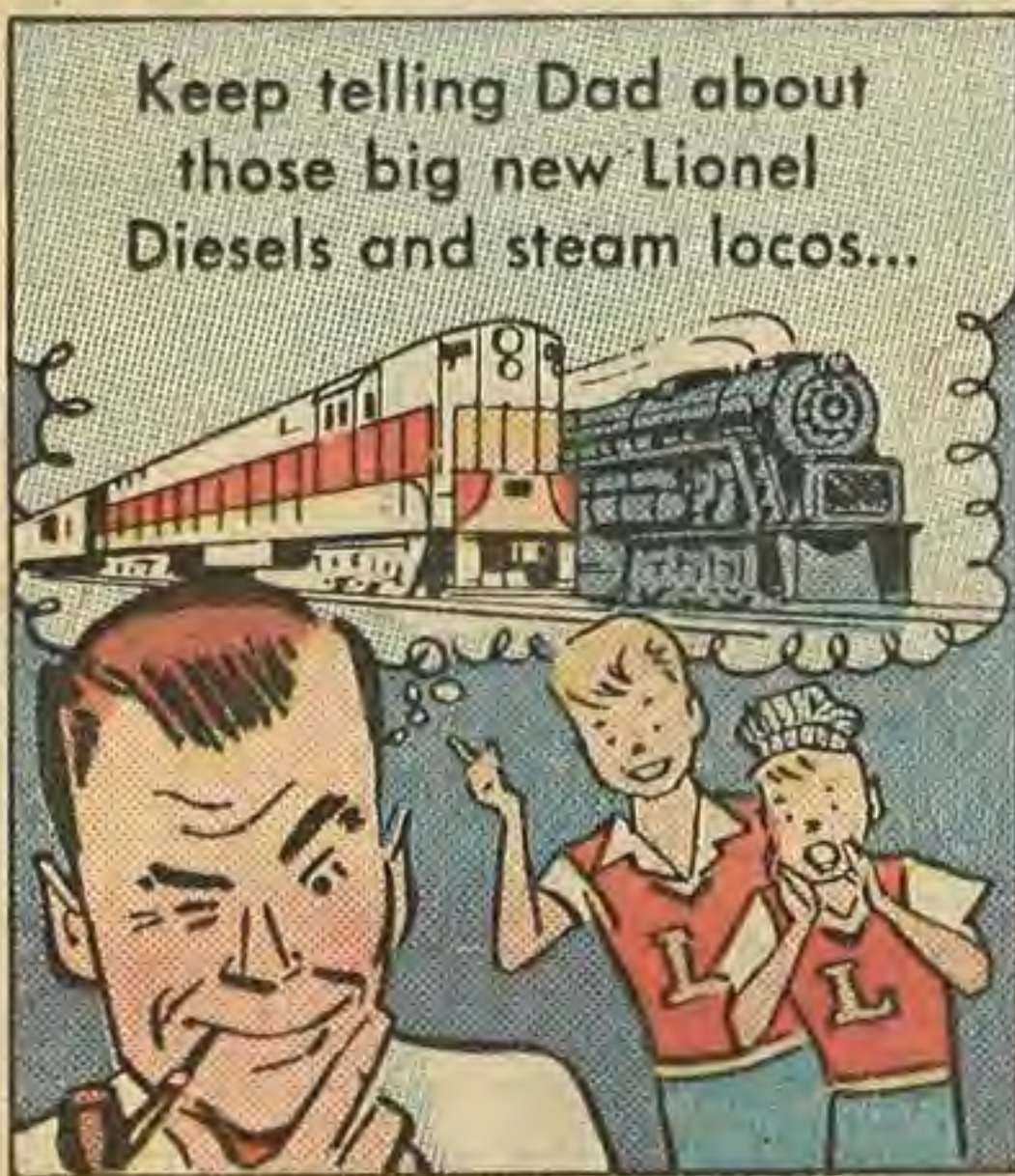
AND SO ENDS THE STORY OF HOW COWBOY SAHIB OVERCAME THE GREATEST MENACE OF HIS HAIRBREADTH CAREER! HIS SUBJECTS WEL-  
COMED HIM BACK WITH FRENZIED CHEERS---



BUT LITTLE DID THEY KNOW, AMID ALL THIS HAPPY-  
NESS, THAT THEIR RULER WOULD SOON FACE THE  
STRANGEST CHALLENGE THAT HE HAD EVER EN-  
COUNTERED! FOR THE MOST STARTLING, GASP-  
LADEN STORY YOU'VE EVER READ, DON'T MISS  
COWBOY SAHIB--IN OUR NEXT ISSUE! THE END



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# FLASH

The HOODED HORSEMAN'S MIRACLE DOG!



YOU'RE FLASH--A DOG--THE HOODED HORSEMAN'S DOG! YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S BEING SAID, AT THIS MOMENT--YOU DON'T KNOW THAT IT MARKS THE START OF A NEW ADVENTURE--



I'M TELLIN' YUH THE OL' CHIEF'S CRACKED--CAPTURIN' THAT COUGAR WHEN IT WAS A KITTEN, AN' DEVILIN' IT EVERY DAY SINCE! I HEAR TELL IT'S A MONSTER BY NOW, TOO!

WE'RE HEADIN' FER THE INJUN RESERVATION, FLASH--TUH PUT A STOP TUH THAT!

--AND YOU DON'T KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE IN TIME!

NO-- NO-- HIM LOOSE!



ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT YOU REACHED THE RESERVATION JUST AS THE HATED CAT-ENEMY MADE ITS ESCAPE--



AI-EEEEEE!

APP-RRRR!



LOOK, FLASH! THAR HE GOES!

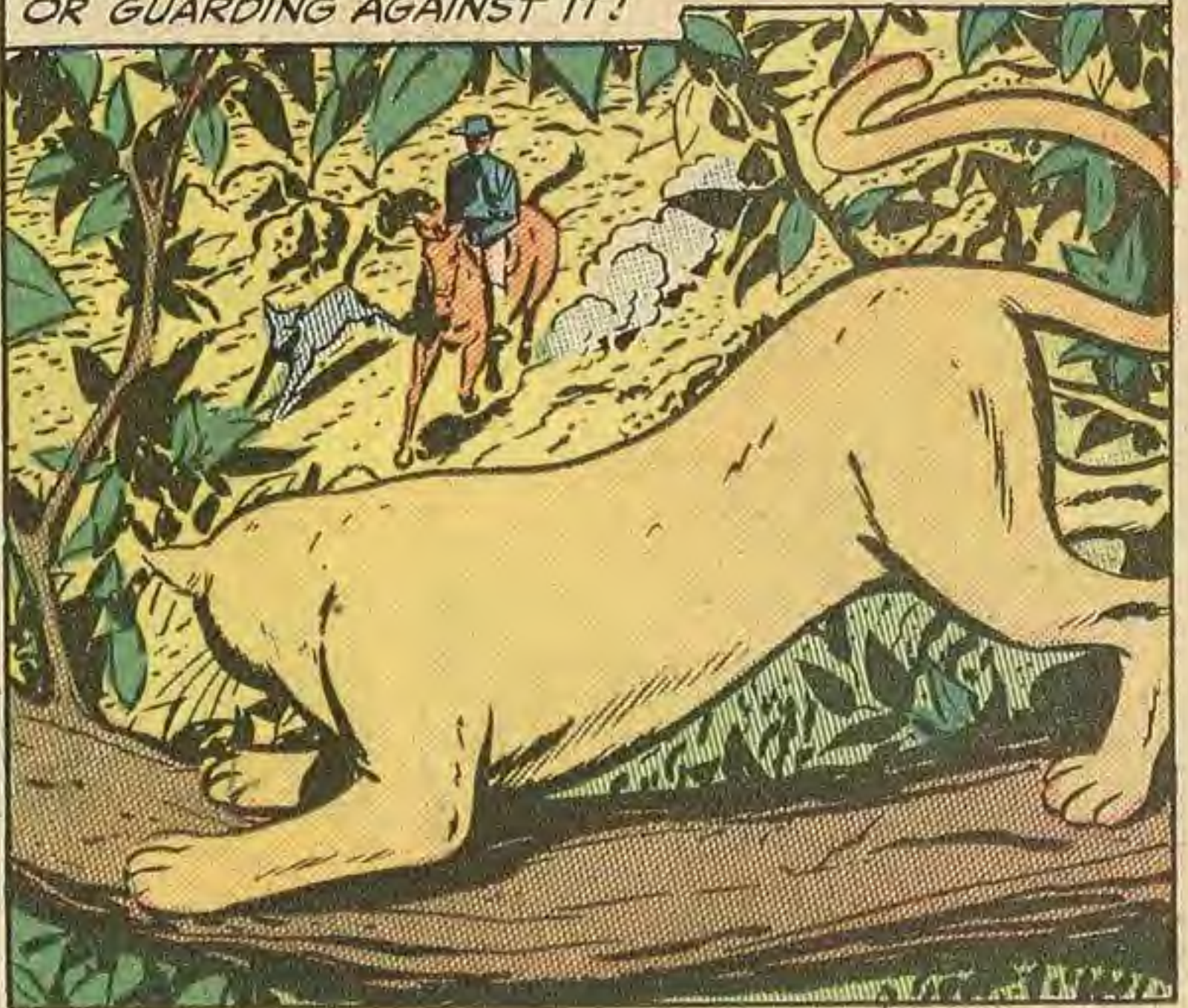


IT'S NOT FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE WAVE OF MAD MURDER WHICH THE OUTLAW COUGAR UN-LEASHED! THE HOODED HORSEMAN HAS PUT YOU ON THE TRAIL, AND YOU FOLLOW IT --UNERRINGLY, RELENTLESSLY---



ATTABOY, FLASH-- THE TRAIL'S GITTIN' FRESHER EVERY MINUTE! YUH'RE NOT GIVIN' THE DEVIL ANY REST!

YES, IT'S A DEVIL YOU'RE TRAILING--WITH A DEVIL'S CUNNING! THERE WAS NO WAY OF KNOWING THIS... OR GUARDING AGAINST IT!



NO WARNING --UNTIL---



RRR-RRRR!

WHAM!



ARRR...

YOU RECOGNIZE A KILLER--BUT THERE'S NO QUESTION OF WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO! THIS IS YOUR MASTER, AND YOU'LL DIE WITH HIM IF YOU HAVE TO---



GR-RRRR... ROWF! ROWF!

ARRRR...

BUT THIS IS A MONSTER--HE'S NOT GOING TO BE HELD OFF LONG--



RRRR!



RRRO-OWWWW!

LOOK OUT! YOU MAY HAVE SAVED YOURSELF-- BUT YOU'VE LEFT HIM UNGUARDED!





YOU'VE GOT TO RISK THE RENDING CLAWS, THE AWFUL FANGS -- YOU'VE GOT TO!



BUT JUST A FLIRT OF THAT MIGHTY PAW, AND --



THE WORLD IS REELING CRAZILY AROUND YOU AS YOU STAGGER TO YOUR FEET -- AND YOU SEE THAT THE BEAST HAS TURNED TOWARDS HIM AGAIN --



YOU GATHER THE LAST INCH OF YOUR WEAKENED STRENGTH -- AND STRIKE!



YOU'RE ROLLING AROUND ON THE GROUND TOGETHER, AND INSTINCT TELLS YOU TO KEEP CLEAR OF THOSE FANGS AND CLAWS! YOU'RE WEAKENING, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP ON FIGHTING -- BECAUSE YOUR MASTER IS STIRRING!



JUST AS HE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET, YOU COLLAPSE -- SOMETHING WITHIN YOU SEEMING TO WHISPER THAT YOU'VE DONE YOUR JOB, CARRIED ON LONG ENOUGH -- THAT NOW IT'S UP TO HIM!



YOU LIE BY THE FIRE, HEARING THE HOODED HORSEMAN'S CARESSING VOICE AS HE DRESSES YOUR WOUNDS! YOU'RE WHOLE BODY IS ONE LIVING HURT, BUT YOU KNOW THAT YOU'VE SAVED HIM -- AND IT'S BEEN WORTH IT, EVERY BIT!





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# ROUNDUP TIME

**H**ELLO, all you readers—all you wonderful fans of "*The Hooded Horseman*!" It's *roundup time*—time for all you wanderin' waddies to drive your broncs into the old corral, hang up your saddles, roll a tailor-made and relax around the chuckwagon. And as the smoke of the greasewood fire drifts lazily up into the western skies, we'll spin you yarns of the old frontier, tales of the trail, spine-tingling stories of the glories of the west! You'll hear the jingling of spurs, the snorting of horses, the song of the lonesome cowboy, the savage war-whoop of the Apache, the spiteful barking of sixguns! You'll see the riders of the sage, the old scouts, the painted braves making medicine and hitting the warpath! You'll thrill to the old and the new—for wherever the *West* breathes, adventure rides rampant!

And adventure will *always* gallop gloriously through the thrill-laden pages of "*The Hooded Horseman*." Make no mistake about it, this is *your* magazine—and it's dedicated one hundred percent to *giving you what you want*! Everyone of you is an associate editor, and has a deciding voice in exactly what we carry. If you don't like a story—or a character—why, speak up, pardner! Sure as shootin', we'll do our best to satisfy you!

Now, let's get down to cases. It's one thing to shoot off your mouth, but an entirely different thing to *produce*. So allow us to tell you, please, just what we're doing to make this your favorite western magazine. You've heard the old one about the whole being equal to the sum of its parts. In simple terms, that means that no publication can be better than the stories which it runs. And all you folks will be the first to admit that there's more than just plot to any story. There's *character*. Sure, *what* happens is important—but *whom* it happens to is just as important! More than any other type of comic, a western has to have good characters. They've got to be human—they've got to be believable—

they've got to be the kind of waddies you're *interested* in! Further, they've got to be *realistic*, in that the historical period and events they're set against must be accurate—and the western "props" authentic.

We'd like you to study this issue carefully, and see just what we've done towards making this magazine what *you* want. Take the characters, for instance. "*The Hooded Horseman*" is a man of mystery—a rider of the wide range whose prowess is devoted to the weak, the downtrodden. We find him a fascinating character, and feel that the stories which feature him have that extra touch of something that distinguishes a great from a merely good story. We've featured this type of character because, in our experience, readers respond to him. We feel that you'll also like the specialty yarn we're presenting in connection with the Horseman—the separate story concerning his dog, *Flash*. Then, there's "*Johnny Injun*," white Indian lad of the flaming frontier. He's out of the ordinary, is Johnny, and the reader who doesn't thrill to his blazing exploits is exceptional. Then again, in contrast to the traditional, comes "*Cowboy Sahib*"—the great Western character who dares to be *different*! A fast-shooting waddy from Wyoming, this hard-riding gunslinger has gone far afield for his thrills—and presents, for your entertainment, the amazing spectacle of a battling buckaroo at grips with wild beasts of the jungles of India!

We think that all of this adds up to a great issue—but we want to know how *you* feel about it! What do you think of the "*Hooded Horseman*"—of "*Johnny Injun*"—of "*Cowboy Sahib*?" Which do you like best—and which second best? Won't you write and tell us? We'll publish your letter, if space permits. Send it to The Editor, "*Hooded Horseman*," 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Remember—we're waiting to hear from you!



THIS WAS THE FRONTIER PUSHING WESTWARD, EVER WESTWARD, AS THE LURE OF THE LAND CALLED TO THE PIONEERS ACROSS PRAIRIES AND DESERTS! AND THIS WAS THE DAY OF THE RED MAN, STRIKING MERCILESSLY AGAINST THE INVADERS OF HIS VAST DOMAIN! MANY ARE THE LEGENDS THAT HAVE ARISEN OUT OF THIS BLAZING ERA-- BUT NONE MORE THRILLING THAN THAT OF A BOY RAISED BY SAVAGES -- A LAD WHOM THE WEST GREW TO KNOW AS--

# JOHNNY INJUN!



RUNNING DEER, CHIEF OF THE PIEGANS, WAS A MERCIFUL MAN-- TO WHOM SUCH SLAUGHTER WAS A THING OF HORROR! AND WHEN A THIN WAIL FROM THE BUSHES DISCLOSED A WHITE INFANT, HIDDEN THERE IN A LAST DESPAIRING EFFORT TO SAVE ITS LIFE--

WE CANNOT LEAVE HIM TO STARVE! LET US BRING HIM BACK TO THE TRIBE-- WHERE HE WILL BE CARED FOR ---



IT REMAINED FOR A WANDERING TRAPPER TO READ THE SINGLE NAME ENGRAVED ON THE BABY'S LOCKET-- **JOHNNY! JOHNNY BEAR**, THE PIEGANS CALLED HIM-- THIS YOUTH THAT THE WEST WAS TO KNOW AS **JOHNNY INJUN!** AND HE GREW AS DID ANY OTHER PAPOOSE-- THE LIFE OF THE INDIANS HIS CONSTANT BACKGROUND ---





SLOWLY, THE CROWDED YEARS PASSED-- YEARS OF LEARNING, DURING WHICH JOHNNY ABSORBED EVERY DETAIL OF INDIAN LORE! HE WAS AN INDIAN IN EVERYTHING BUT BLOOD-- AND ALWAYS, CHIEF RUNNING DEER WAS HIS MENTOR, HIS FOSTER-FATHER---



OUT OF GRATITUDE AND LOVE, HE STROVE TO HONOR THE CHIEF! THE PIEGANS STILL TALK OF HOW, AS A MERE BOY, HE ATTEMPTED TO WIN HIS BRAVE'S FEATHER-- HOW, ALONE, HE FACED KONGLAK, THE MAD BEAR--



HEROISM, RAW COURAGE, STRENGTH, AGILITY--JOHNNY MUST HAVE CALLED ON ALL OF THEM IN AN EPIC BATTLE! HE NEVER TALKED-- AND ALL THE TRIBE KNEW WAS--



I--TRIED SO HARD, MY FATHER--

NOW--YOU ARE A BRAVE OF THE PIEGANS!

A BRAVE--AND FURTHER ADVENTURES LAY AHEAD! IT ALL STARTED SEVERAL WEEKS LATER--WHEN WHITE MEN APPROACHED THE CHIEF--

IT'S SETTLED, THEN-- YOU'LL GUIDE US THROUGH THE APACHE COUNTRY! BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE THEY WON'T ATTACK US?

THERE IS A TREATY BETWEEN US! I HAVE ALREADY SECURED A SAFE-CONDUCT FOR THE WAGON-TRAIN FROM THE APACHE!



IT IS TIME TO SET FORTH-- AND THIS TIME, MY SON ACCOMPANIES ME!

FUNNY--FUST TIME I EVER SEE AN INJUN KID WITH BLUE EYES!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)





# COMPLETE BATTLEING MAGIC OUTFIT

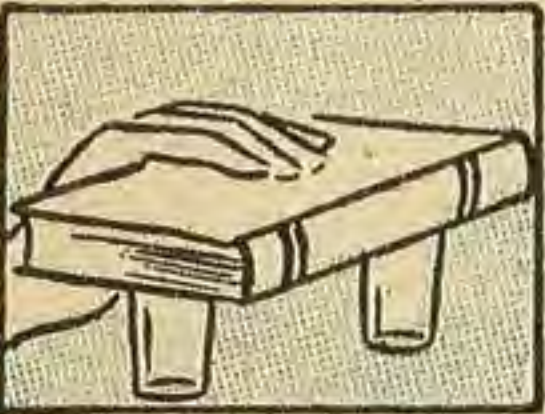
## 20 First Class Illusions

BE A MAGICIAN — FOOL AND DELIGHT THEM WITH  
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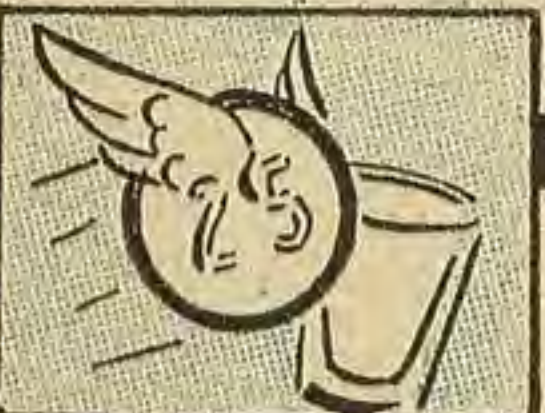
**ROPE TRICK**—Cut it in half, yet it is still in one piece and other surprises—yours only with this offer.



**GRAVITY**—Defy scientific laws. Seeing is believing. You'll fool them plenty when you know how.



**MAGIC MIRROR**—Spectators will be amazed. With it you read cards, without even looking at them.



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AND SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, JOHNNY JOURNEYED TOWARDS DISTANT HORIZONS! AND HIS HEART SWELLED WITHIN HIM, FOR HIS WAS A MAN'S JOB! HE WAS A **SCOUT**!



THE BOYS OF THE CARAVAN SENSED HIM AS SOMEONE TO MAKE SPORT OF -- JOHNNY INJUN, THEY CALLED HIM --

YUH WON'T BE NEEDIN' NO FEATHER 'ROUND HERE, BIG CHIEF!

HAW-HAW! THAT'S TELLIN' HIM!



-- BUT THEY SOON LEARNED THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS!



By now they were in the heart of the Apache country! Running deer wondered why Johnny seemed so uneasy -- so wary --

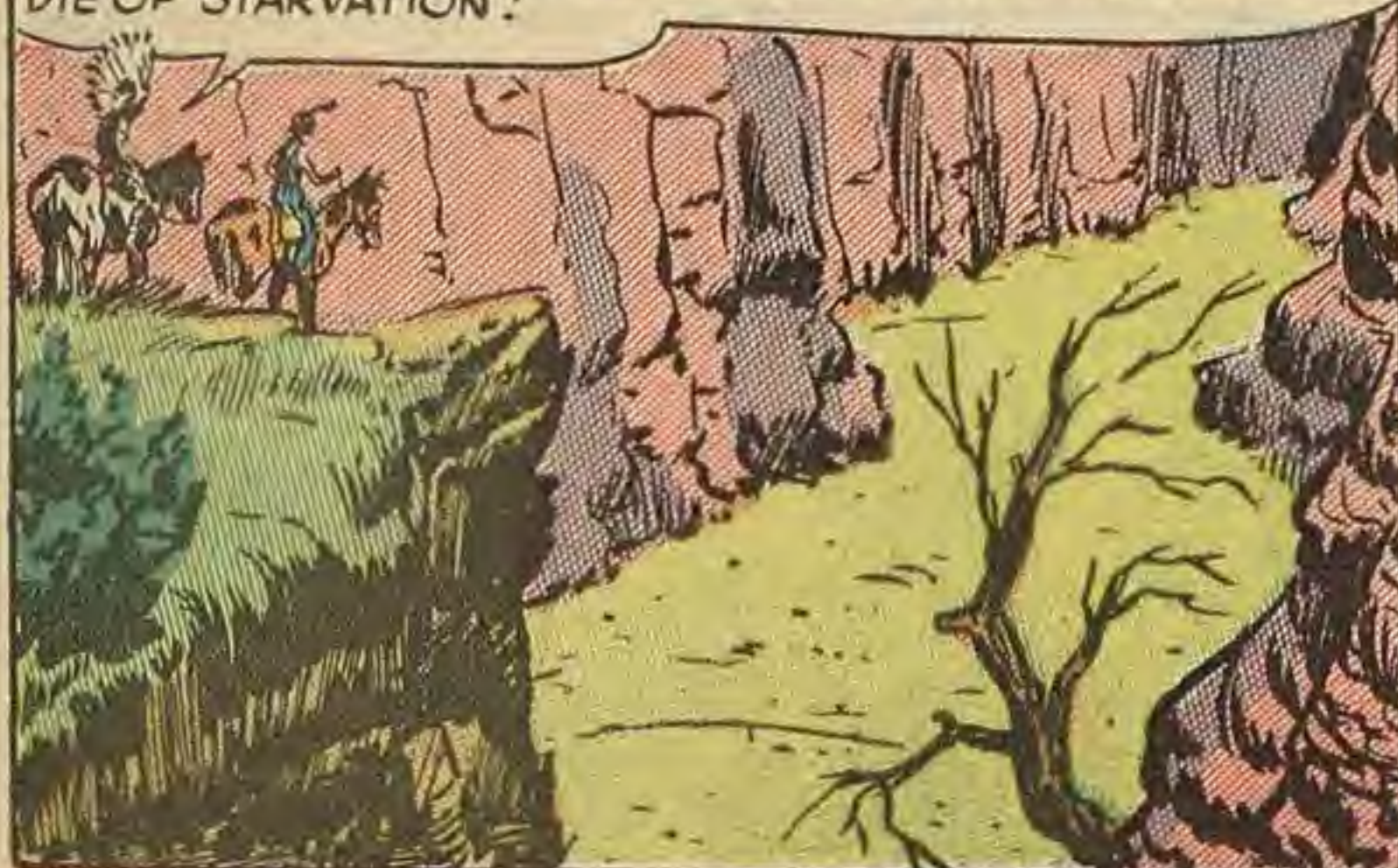
IT'S -- BECAUSE OF SOME INSTINCT, THAT WARNS ME WHEN DANGER LURKS!

I KNOW -- YOU DISTRUST THE APACHE! BUT YOU'RE FORGETTING OUR TREATY -- AND THE SAFE-CONDUCT THEY GRANTED THE WAGON-TRAIN!



IT WAS A DISTRICT THAT THE CHIEF KNEW WELL! HE THRILLED IN TELLING JOHNNY THE OLD LEGENDS -- SHOWING HIM THE OLD LANDMARKS --

THEY CALL THIS BLIND ARROYO **PIEGAN CANYON**! IN THE OLD DAYS, THE REMNANTS OF THE TRIBE, ON THEIR WAY ACROSS APACHE COUNTRY, CRAWLED HERE TO DIE OF STARVATION!



THE GREAT SPIRIT HEEDED OUR PRAYERS, AND SENT US FOOD! AND HE MOLDED THIS MIGHTY BOULDER IN THE SHAPE OF A PIEGAN BRAVE, TO SHOW THAT OUR TRIBE WAS FOREVER BLESSED!

SEE HOW PERFECTLY IT IS BALANCED! I COULD ALMOST PUSH IT OVER...





IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT JOHNNY SAW IT--THAT DISTANT WINK OF LIGHT--

LOOK-- THAT GLINTING-- LIKE-- LIKE THE SUN REFLECTING ON A KNIFE-BLADE! THERE'S SOMEBODY---

YOU IMAGINE TOO MUCH, LITTLE BRAVE! COME, LET US GO!



BUT JOHNNY WASN'T SATISFIED! SLIPPING AWAY, HE RODE OFF INTO THE HILLS--

I--I CAME ALONG AS A SCOUT AND I'M GONNA BE A SCOUT! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF I WAS IMAGINING THINGS, OR IF SOMEONE'S THERE -- WATCHING!



HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO REACH THE DESIGNATED SPOT! OTHER BRAVES CAN BE SMART TOO--THEY CAN SHIFT THEIR POSITION--AND SPRING AN AMBUSH!

WE HAVE HIM!



THE BOY WAS DRAGGED TO A NEARBY APACHE VILLAGE-- WHERE THE CUSTOMARY RITUAL BEGAN---

IF--IF ONLY THE MEDICINE MAN'D QUIT SHAKING THAT THING IN MY FACE! IT MUST BE--THEIR TRIBAL FETISH--



YOU FEAR US NOT-- WHY?

BECAUSE I AM SON OF RUNNING DEER, CHIEF OF THE PIEGANS-- AND NO PIEGAN FEARS AN APACHE!



YES--RUNNING DEER, WHOM WE ENTICED INTO APACHE COUNTRY BY A FALSE SAFE-CONDUCT FOR THE WAGON TRAIN! WE SHALL ATTACK IT BY MORNING-- AND EVERY PALEFACE SHALL PERISH! BUT RUNNING DEER WILL BE BROUGHT HERE TO DIE WITH YOU!



NIGHT... A SMALL, LONESOME FIGURE, TIED TO A STAKE...

EVERYTHING...DEPENDING ON ME! THE LIFE OF EVERYBODY IN THE WAGON TRAIN...MY FATHER...I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE!



FIERCELY HE RUBBED HIS BONDS AGAINST THE ROUGH WOOD! HE DIDN'T EVEN FEEL THE PAIN OF RIPPING SKIN! ONLY ONE THOUGHT DOMINATED HIM --TO WIN FREE!





SLOWLY THE ROPES GAVE--  
UNTIL--

**I'VE DONE IT!**  
BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD  
JUST TO **ESCAPE**-- NOT  
WITH THE APACHE  
LOOSE ON THE  
WARPATH!



IT WAS INDIAN TRAINING WHICH  
LET HIM STEAL, WITHOUT A SINGLE  
SOUND, INTO THE WIGWAM OF THE  
MEDICINE MAN--

THEY PRIZE  
THIS FETISH ABOVE EVERYTHING  
ELSE! IT'LL TAKE THEIR MINDS  
OFF THAT RAID ON THE WAGON-  
TRAIN--AT LEAST UNTIL THEY  
CAN GET  
IT BACK!



YES, JOHNNY HAD A PLAN--A **DAR-  
ING** PLAN! HE RACED TO A SPOT  
OVERLOOKING FABLED PIEGAN  
CANYON--AND THERE--

IF--IF ONLY  
RUNNING DEER SEES MY  
SMOKE--



IT IS **MY SON!** HE SUMMONS US TO  
**DANGER!** CALL ALL GUARDS-- **WE RIDE  
AT ONCE!**

JOHNNY KNEW THAT SOMEONE ELSE WOULD SEE THAT SMOKE--  
**THE APACHE**, WHO BY NOW WOULD BE HUNTING HIM AND  
THEIR PRECIOUS TRIBAL FETISH! HE RODE TO WHERE HE  
WOULD BE EASILY SEEN--



**EE-YOWW!**  
**YIP! YIP!**

**THERE!**

THEY'RE AFTER ME! I'VE GOT TO  
LEAD THEM TO THE CANYON --  
RUNNING DEER AND THE MEN  
OF THE WAGON-TRAIN  
SHOULD BE THERE  
BY NOW!



HOLY SMOKE --  
**LOOK THAR!**





AND SO THE WAGON-TRAIN TOOK UP ITS TREK! AND AT ITS  
HEAD, RIDING INTO NEW LANDS, NEW ADVENTURES-- JOHNNY  
INJUN!





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